

JOHNNY'S SO BASHFUL!



They tell me the roses are leaving my cheek,
My voice once so thrilling's now trembling and weak,
And much I'm afraid I shall die an old maid ;
For, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny's so bashful !
For, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny's so bashful !

One day, with Johnny I went to the fair ;
He asked me what ribbon would match with my hair ;
I said with delight : I always take white.
For, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny's so bashful !
For, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny's so bashful !

And, if it so happened that we should not wed,
It would not be my fault : whatever was said,
I'm willing, I'm sure, and can say no more ;
But Johnny, Johnny, Johnny's so bashful !
But Johnny, Johnny, Johnny's so bashful !

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